

THE DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20505

National Intelligence Officers

26 February 1976

MEMORANDUM FOR: Assistant to the DCI
SUBJECT: Contact with Rod MacLeish

On 20 February, at a dinner given by Commander Warren Anderson, USN, I spent some time talking to Rod MacLeish who works for Westinghouse and writes for The Washington Post. MacLeish was bright and well-informed even on China. MacLeish said he was writing a novel on CIA with his leading character named Curl (the same name of the [redacted]). The novel also draws on the career of Ray Cline. MacLeish sent his regards to George Bush and I passed these along. Finally, MacLeish suggested that he and I get together again for lunch and I interposed no objection.

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STATINTL

[redacted]
National Intelligence Officer
for China

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Rod MacLeish The New American Symptoms

At this point in the proceedings the subject is symptoms, the stuff of that newthink which holds that reality isn't real at all but is, instead, a symptom of the icky blabs that lie entombed in our unconscious.

Feeling good today? Look yourself up. That's symptomatic evidence that you've unconsciously fulfilled your axe murderer fantasy. In love with Harvey? Get thee to the county asylum, Lady. Harvey is symptom's version of Daddy for whom you lusted when you were six months old.

The damnable part is that there's something to all of that. But the professional therapist knows the limits of symptom's applicability. Once, during a discussion of gratification symbols, Freud held up his stogie and said, "Gentlemen, this is also a cigar."

Cocktail party psychology, however, has let symptom newthink get completely out of control which, in turn,

brings us to the annual Westminster Dog Show in New York, which took place earlier this month.

Time was when we thought of Westminster as reality, as the big leagues of doggydom. Symptom newthink declares that to be too simple.

For instance, every year at Westminster time, the American Kennel Club publishes its list of the most popular breeds of dog. A list, if you will, of symptoms.

Back in 1946, the Cocker Spaniel was America's favorite. Now, there's health in that. The Cocker is a frisky, overt sort of dog. With Cockers as reigning symptoms, the American psyche was robust.

Then, in 1953, the Beagle went to the top of the list. Beagles are designed to chase rabbits while the rest of us hot-foot along behind. The picture was darkening. An obsessive antagonism

toward rabbits was appearing in u
Fifteen years ago we switched primary affections to the Poodle. German Shepherds as number two. Run that combination through your symptom calculator.

As everybody knows, Poodles are fragile, nervous dogs subject to runny noses and fits of melancholy. From time to time they have to be taken to the beauty parlor in order to look like Poodles. The German Shepherd tends to be a snarly beast, redolent of Prussian absolutism.

And there you have it. The collective American unconscious has cracked asunder. Half of it is a runny-nosed depressive which needs frequent primming in order to feel real while the other half dwells in a Germanic hostility fantasy.

It's got to mean one of two things: Either all is lost, or those dogs are also cigars.